PRESS RELEASE

NEW MICHIGAN PRESS IS PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE
the release of the 2009 DIAGRAM/NEW MICHIGAN PRESS chapbook contest
winner, Ben Mirov’s I is to Vorticism.

Bad-assed and woven of very rich thread, Mirov’s debut is an awesome
and highly entertaining one. Let’s hear from the experts on the subject:
“A recurring character in the poetry of Ben Mirov is Ben Mirov, part
charming host, part self-inflicted lab experiment in a debut dedicated
to demonstrating our daily, perilous transformations. These poems are
sudden, agile, heart-strong, and as wonderfully unsolvable as their ana-
logical title. Welcome to the surgical theater. You’re finally going to learn
how to sleep with your eyes open.” —DOBBY GIBSON

Also: “These poems and parables celebrate the idea of no self, even as
they sing a host of eccentric alter-egos and delightfully strange secret-
identities into being. Using ‘interstellar ventriloquism,’ Ben Mirov is able
to inhabit several worlds at once. He deftly mixes the mythic with the
mundane, the literary with the cartoonish, sincerity and simulacra. The
result is an impressive, often hilarious, book that truly works on many
levels.” —ELAINE EQUI

If you want to find out, I is to Vorticism is available by mail, at excellent
independent booksellers, at Amazon, or best, from the NMP store-
978-1-934832-21-9. For more information (or for bookstore orders),
email New Michigan Press at <nmp@thediagram.com> or check out
the website (above).

ORDER FORM

Yes! We love you, Ben Mirov! Please send me [ ] copies of I is to Vorticism at $9 per copy + $2 for postage. I’ve
enclosed cash or a check/money order made out to New Michigan Press. Please send my book(s) to:

05 JANUARY 2010

MONKEY HEART

Pick it up.
Consider it a machine.
Put it down.
Remember you need it.
Go back to where you left it.
Airport terminal, donut shop
seventh grade. Are you scared?
It’s ok. So am I.
Take a wet rag. Put it on your head.
Let’s retrace your steps.
Do you love your wife?
Is she made of dolphins?
I love my fucking life.
Even my secrets
and the terrible things I’ve done.
They’re like small smooth stones
in a green plastic bottle
with no label. What were we doing?
Driving down a long dark street?
Does it feel exactly right?
Little fist that pumps the blood.
The flicker in your empty.